Oxford Democrat.

NO. 19, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1848. OLD SERIES, NO. 27, VOLUME 17.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EARLY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. Stiles,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms:—the proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—A reasonable deduction will be made for payments in advance.

Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE STONY HEART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUFF.

In the olden time, the inhabitants of the neighborhood of the Black Forest in Germany, had a universal belief in the existence of wood spirits, and it is only of late years that they have grown wiser and ceased to hold to this foolish superstition. It is remarkable that these wood spirits, who were supposed to inhabit the Black Forest, were thought to be of two kinds. There was the Glassman, a good spirit of about three feet and a half high. He never showed himself except in a little steeple crowned hat with a broad rim, with jacket and trowsers, and with red stockings.

Dutch Michael on the contrary, was supposed to live on the other side of the forest, and was a broad shouldered fellow of a gigantic size, dressed like a wood cutter, and persons who had seen him maintained that a common man could not reach up to his shoulders, and that nobody's purse was full enough to pay for the calves to furnish the leather to make his shoes. He was supposed to be a wicked spirit.

Now once upon a time it happened that there lived in this same Black Forest, a widow named Barbara Munkin; her husband had been a coal burner, and after his death she kept her sixteen years old son to the same business.

Young Peter Munk, who was a handsome lad, passed his time, because during his father's life he had never done anything else, in sitting the whole week over his smoking coal pit, or black and dirty, a sight for good people, he would go down into the city to sell his coal. But a coal may have much time for thinking about himself and other things, and when Peter was sitting by his coal pit, the dark trees whispered around him and the stillness of the forest awakened his heart to unusual feelings of anxiety. Something troubled him; he did not know exactly what it was. At last he began to think that he did not like his business. "A black, solitary coal burner," said he, "it is a miserable life. How much more valued are the Glass makers, the Clock makers, and even the Musicians on Sunday evenings. But if Peter Munk washed clean and dressed in his father's best coat with silver buttons and lace, and red stockings appear, and if one walking behind me, thinks, who is that handsome well made fellow, may stockings and my sturdy walk, who to be passes me and looks about, if he is not sure to say, 'Oh, it is only Peter Munk, the coal man.'"

These thoughts disturbed Peter so much that he became very uneasy. One night when he was returning home to his mother's cottage, he met the little Glassman with the steeple crowned hat and his red stockings. Seeing the well countenance of the young coal burner, for his eyes were so bright he could discern that it was a set countenance although it was blackened with dirt and smoke, he asked him his trouble.

Peter opened to the friendly spirit his secret thoughts, and told him that he was tired of being a coal burner.

"Peter," said the little man, "Peter, do not tell me this. What would you do if you be changed your situation for that? Do not the glass hard labor, your father and grandfather have been glass people, and they worked at this trade. Peter Munk, I hope it is not idleness that induces you to this?"

Peter was ashamed at the serious countenance of the little man, and blushed. "No," said he, "idleness, I well know, is the beginning of all wickedness, but you cannot blame me if I like some other trade than my own. A coal burner is so little thought of in the world, and the glass makers and wood dealers and clock makers are so much more respected."

"Pride comes before a fall," answered the little Glassman, "but I am a tender-hearted spirit, and since you are so sad I will grant you three wishes. But, take care, Peter, wish for something good and useful."

"Huzza, you are an excellent glassman," said Peter, "You have treasures by the household. So I may wish what my heart most desires; I will wish first that I may dance better than the dancing master, and may always have as much money in my pocket as fat Ezekiel."

"Fool," angrily answered the little man. "What a stupid wish is that; to dance well, and to have money to gamble with. Are you not ashamed, stupid Peter, to throw away your good fortune in this manner? What good will it do you and your poor mother, if you dance ever so well? But you have one wish more; see that you are more reasonable."

Peter put his finger behind his ear, and after a short pause, said, "Now I wish for the richest and best glass factory in the Black Forest, with all that belongs to it, and money enough to carry on the work."

"Nothing more," said the little man, with an anxious look, "nothing more, Peter?"

"No—or you may add a horse and a little wagon."

"Oh you stupid coal man, Peter Munk," cried the little man. "Horse, wagon? Understanding, I tell you, understanding, wisdom, reason; you should have wished for these, not for horses and wagons; but cheer up, be not sad, we shall see, and it is your own fault if you do not do well—the second wish was on the whole not a foolish one. A good Glass Factory nourishes both man and master, and you had wisdom and understanding to go with it, the horses and wagons would have come of themselves."

The good spirit then furnished Peter with money to buy a good glass factory, and he was soon established in it. He for a time paid attention to his business, and spent his days in overseeing his workmen, and managing his affairs, but he went in the evenings to the tavern, and spent his time in card playing and dancing. By degrees he became less attentive to his affairs and spent more time in his amusements, and his workmen, finding their master inattentive, became so too, and the works were neglected and became unprofitable. Peter grew lazy, got in debt, and did not attend to his affairs, and one night he continued at the gambling table with Fat Ezekiel, and some other wild fellows, and they played until Ezekiel's pockets were empty, and Peter found to his dismay, on putting his hand in his pocket, which till now had always been full, that it was empty,—for his foolish wish had been that he might always have as much money as Fat Ezekiel, so when it came his turn to pay, he had no money. The people thought he meant to cheat, when he refused to pay, and they turned him out of doors, and he went away sad and sorrowful.

He then remembered how little he had attended to his affairs—that he owed a great deal of money—that if he had not been too lazy to see to it, he might long since have paid—and with his empty pockets what was he to do.

On Monday morning when Peter went to his glass house, not only were his workmen there, but other people whom no one likes to see, and these were the sheriff and three officers of justice. The sheriff wished Peter good morning, and asked him how he had slept, and then drew out a long record signed by Peter's creditors.—"Can you pay, or not," said the sheriff, with a look, "you must make short work of it, for I have not much time to lose, and it is full three o'clock by the town

Poor Peter that he had nothing more and left to the sheriff to set a price on house and coals, but and stable, horses and wagon; and while the sheriff and others were busy in examining and appraising, he thought within himself, it is not far to the pine forest where Dutch Michael lives, I will go and ask for his help, for I do not to call upon the little glassman when I have so abused his kindness. Peter ran, and ran as fast as if the sheriff and his officers were after him.

When he passed the place where he had before met the little glassman, he felt himself held back as if by an invisible hand, but he broke away from it and ran to the borders of the giant's dominions. There he stopped, and called out, "Dutch Michael, Dutch Michael," which he had scarcely done than the giant stood before him with

"Have you come without the bitter, but have you the money with you? Else you would they never sell you." But your wishes from the little glassman who proceeds to be so very good. If one gives a thing, he ought to give it in earnest, and not like the little miser. Follow me into my house, and we will then see if we can make a bargain."

A bargain, thought Peter; what can he desire of me—what can I do for him? Can I do any service—or what can he want? They went first through a rugged mountain path, and came all at once to a dark, deep narrow valley. Dutch Michael sprang down the rocks, as if it had been a smooth marble stair-case. But Peter almost swooned with fear, for as soon as the giant reached the bottom, he grew as large as a church tower, and reached up to him his arm, and cried out with a voice which sounded from the depths like a church bell, "sit down upon my hand and take hold of my fingers and you will not fall."—Peter obeyed him trembling—placed himself on his hand, and held fast by the giant's thumb.

He went down farther, and farther, but still to Peter's astonishment it did not grow any darker; on the contrary, daylight appeared so much more brilliant in the ravine, that his eyes could not long bear the light. Dutch Michael had become smaller as Peter descended, and stood now before his house, which was not much larger than that of any of the farmers of the Black Forest might be. The parlor into which Peter was led, was in no respect different from the parlor of other people, except that it appeared solitary.

The wooden clock on the wall, the large open fire place, the broad benches, the stickles on the mantel piece, were here just as in common rooms. Michael pointed to a seat behind a large table, and went out of the room. He soon returned, bringing a pitcher of wine and glasses. He filled the glasses, and they began to talk, and Dutch Michael told stories of the pleasures of the world,—of strange countries, of fine cities and rivers, so that Peter at last felt great anxiety to see more of the world, which perceiving, the Dutchman said:

"If you had in your body strength to undertake anything, a couple of beats of your stupid heart would make you tremble, and then the idea of injured honor, of misfortune, why should a reasonable man trouble himself about that.—Has it made your head ache when you have been called a deceiver and a wicked fellow?—Did it make your stomach ache when the sheriff came to turn you out of doors? Tell me, where did you feel the pain?"

"In my heart," said Peter, pressing with his hand his beating side, as though his heart were moving painfully up and down.

"You have, do not be offended with me, you have thrown away many hundred guilders on miserable beggars and other vagabonds, and what good has it done you? They have given you in return their blessing, and wished you a healthy body; have you on that account been more healthy? For one half of the gold you have expended, you might have had the help of a physician. And what caused you to put your hand in your pocket as often as a beggar held out his hat? Your heart again, and neither your eyes, nor your tongue, nor your arms, nor your legs, but your heart. You have, as people rightly say, taken it too much to heart."

"But how can one manage that it should not be so. I do all that I can now to control my feelings, and yet my heart beats and troubles me."

"To be sure, you poor rogue," cried Michael, with a laugh, "you cannot help it, but give the little beating thing to me, and you will see how comfortable you will then feel."

"Give you my heart," cried Peter, with horror, "then I should die on the spot—never!"

"To be sure, if one of your gentleman surgeons were to take your heart out of your body, you would indeed die; but it is a different thing with me. But come here and convince yourself."

He rose as he said these words, opened a chamber door, and conducted Peter into it.—His heart moved convulsively as he passed over the threshold, but he did not heed it, for the sight that met his eyes was surprising and singular. On several wooden shelves stood glasses filled with transparent liquor, and in every one of these glasses was placed a heart. On the glasses were cards with names written upon them, which Peter examined with great curiosity. There was the heart of the sheriff of F.; the heart of Fat Ezekiel; the heart of the dancing master; the heart of the head forrester; the last two had been Peter's tavern companions, who had encouraged him to lead an idle and vicious life; there he saw the hearts of six cheating corn dealers, eight recruiting officers, and three money lenders. In short, it was a collection of the hearts of the most noted people within twenty hours' ride.

"See," said Dutch Michael, "all these have thrown away the cares and anxieties of life;—none of their hearts can longer beat with grief or uneasiness, and their former owners feel glad that they have rid themselves of troublesome

"Do what do they carry in their bodies in the place of them?" said Peter, who almost fainted at the sight.

"Coal," answered the other, and reached him out of a drawer a stone heart.

"Look!" cried Peter, with a shudder, "that must have been a hard hearted master Dutch Michael—that must feel very cold in one's breast."

"Why, yes, but only pleasantly cool, and why should one have a warm heart? In winter the heat does us no good, and a glass of cherry rum warms one more than one's heart, and in summer, when every thing is hot and sultry, do you not believe that such a heart will make you feel cooler, and as I just said, unlike fear nor anxiety nor foolish compassion make such a heart as this glow in your breast."

"And is that all you can give me," said Peter, discontented, "I hoped for gold, and you would give me a stone."

"I think a hundred thousand guilders will be enough to buy with; if you manage skilfully, you may soon have a million."

"A hundred thousand!" cried the poor coal man, joyfully. "Now do not beat so hard in my breast, poor heart, we shall soon part company. It is settled—Michael, give me the stone and the money, and you may take the uneasy thing out of the house."

"I thought you would prove yourself a reasonable fellow," said the Dutchman, laughing—"Come, let us drink a glass of wine, and then I will pay you the money."

They seated themselves again in the parlor, and drank until Peter fell into a deep sleep.

Coalman Peter Munk was awakened by the merry notes of a post horn, and behold! he was seated in a handsome carriage, and as he looked out, he saw in the blue distance behind him, the Black Forest. At first he could hardly believe that it was himself seated in this carriage, for his clothes were no longer his own which he wore yesterday, but he remembered what had passed so distinctly, that he at last cried out, "I am the coleman, Peter Munk, new made over, and I am no one else."

He was surprised at himself, that he did not feel sad that he was now leaving, for the first time, the quiet home in the forest where he had lived so long; even when he thought of his mother now sitting in helplessness and misery, he could not press a tear from his eyes, nor a sigh from his bosom, for every thing was indifferent to him. "Ah, indeed," said he, "then, sighs, home-sickness and grief come from the heart, and, thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is cold and stony."

He laid his hand upon his breast, and every thing was quiet there, nothing disturbed him.—"If he keep his word with the hundred thousand as well as with my heart, I shall rejoice," said he, and began to look about his carriage.

He found articles of clothing of every kind, just such as he could wish, but no money. At last he felt in a pocket and found many thousand dollars in gold and bills upon trading houses in all the large cities. "Now I have all I wish," said he, and sank comfortably back into the corner of the carriage, and went out into the far world.

He spent two years in going about the world, and looked out on the right hand and on the left, at the houses calling for nothing but the signs of taverns where he was to stop. After that he ran about in the city, and examined the most remarkable things; but he enjoyed nothing, no picture, no music, no house, no dancing; his heart of stone took no interest, and his eyes and ears were dead to every sense of beauty.—Nothing remained to him but the pleasure of eating, drinking and sleeping, and so he lived, while he traveled through the world without any object; eating for his amusement, and sleeping because he had nothing else to do. Now and then he remembered that he had been more gay and happy when he was poor, and was obliged to labor to earn his bread. Then he had enjoyed every view down into the valley, music and singing. He had enjoyed for an hour long the most simple food which his mother used to prepare for him and bring out to him at the coal-pit. When he looked back thus upon the past, a strange sensation came over him at the thought that he never now laughed, and formerly he used to laugh at the smallest jests; if others laughed, he moved his mouth out of politeness, but his heart did not laugh with it.—He felt that he was quiet, but yet he did not feel contented. It was not home-sickness, nor grief, but emptiness, superfluity, a joyless life, which at last drove him home.

As he came over from Strasburg and saw the dark forest of his home, he perceived for the first time, the strong forms, the friendly true faces of the black foresters; when his ear heard the sounds of home, strong, deep, but musical, then he felt suddenly for his heart, for his blood moved quicker, and he thought he must rejoice and must weep; but how could he be so foolish, he had only a heart of stone, and stones are dead and neither laugh nor weep.

His first visit was to Dutch Michael, who received him kindly. "Michael," said he, "I have traveled and have seen everything, but it is all stupidity, and I am weary of every thing.—Moreover your stony thing that I carry in my breast, to be sure, saves me from some things, I am never angry. I am never sad, but then I am never glad, and it is as if I was only half alive Cannot you give me a little more feeling to the heart of stone, or rather give me my old heart? I had it once, present and to it in five and twenty years, and if it sometimes played me a bad trick, yet it was still a merry and gay heart."

The wood spirit smiled grim and bitterly.

"When you are once dead, Peter Munk," answered he, "then it shall not fail you, then you shall have again your soft, sensitive heart, then you can feel what means, joy or suffering, but here you can never have it more. Yet, Peter, traveling as you have done, and living as you have, would not make you happy. Settle yourself down here in the forest, build a house, marry, manage your property; you have wanted something to do; because you were idle you felt weary, and laid all the blame on this innocent head."

Peter saw that Michael was right about the idleness, and he resolved to grow richer and richer. Michael gave him another hundred thousand guilders, and they parted good friends.

Soon the tale spread about the Black Forest that coalman Peter Munk, or gambling Peter Munk was again there, and much richer than before. Things went on as always; when he was a beggar he was turned out of doors into the sun, but now when on Sunday afternoon he made his first appearance, they shook him by the hand, praised his horse, asked him about his travels, and when he played again with Ezekiel, for hard dollars, he was thought as highly of as ever.

He did not carry on the glass works, but the wood business; this, however, was only for appearance; his principal trade was in corn and money. Half the Black Forest became in debt to him, he loaned money at high interest, and sold corn to the poor who could not afford to pay, for three times as much as it was worth.—He was now in close friendship with the sheriff, and if any one did not pay Peter Munk at the day, the sheriff and his men rode forth, sold house and barn, and drove father, mother and children into the woods.

At first rich Peter felt some uneasiness at this, for the poor debtors clamored in crowds about the door, the men prayed for delay, the women tried to move the stony heart, and the children begged for a piece of bread. But he procured a pair of bloodhounds, who soon put an end to this cat music, as he called it, he whistled and set them forward, and the poor people shrieked and ran away in terror.

His greatest trouble was the "old woman," and this was no one but mother Munk, Peter's mother. She had fallen into poverty and want, her farm had been sold, her son, when he came back rich, had taken no care of her. She came sometimes, old, poor, and leaning on a stick, before his house, but he spoke rudely to her, and drove her away, and she feared to come again. But it grieved her to have to go to others for support, when her own son might have made her old age comfortable.

The cold heart was never disturbed by the pale well known features, by the beseeching looks, by the out-stretched withered hand, by the wrinkled face. Sullenly he took, when she knocked at his door on Sunday evening, a small piece of money, put in a piece of paper, and sent it to her by a servant. He heard her trembling voice when she thanked him, and wished it might be well with him on the earth, he heard her creep coughing from the door, but he tho't nothing more about it, but that he had given away a piece of money for nothing.

At last Peter resolved to marry. He knew that any father in the Black Forest, would willingly give him his daughter but he was difficult in his choice, for he desired that his fortune and his wisdom in the matter should be praised.—He all about the Black Forest, and none of the young girls there pleased him—at last, after he had looked in vain at all the balls for the most beautiful, he heard one day that the fairest and most virtuous girl in the whole forest was the daughter of the poor wood-cutter. She lived silently and retired, employed herself busily in her father's house, never was seen at the dancing parties, nor even at Whitesuntide, or High Mass.

When Peter heard of this wonder of the Black Forest he concluded to wed her, and he rode to the hut which had been pointed out to him. The father of the fair Lisbeth received grand gentleman with surprise, and was still more astonished when he learned it was the rich Peter, and that he desired to become his son-in-law. He could not hesitate long, for he thought all his care and poverty would be at an end, he said yes, without asking the fair Lisbeth and the good child was so obedient, that without contradiction, she became Madam Peter Munk.

But it was not as well with the poor thing as she had dreamed it would be. She thought she understood how to manage the house, but she could not please master Peter with anything.—She had pity for the poor, and thought it was no sin to give a poor beggar woman a penny or an old man a glass of beer. But when Peter one day observed it, he spoke with an angry look, and rude voice, "Why do you spend my wealth on ragmuffins and vagabonds? Did you bring anything into the house that you can give away? A sup could not be warmed with your father's beggar staff, and yet you throw away money like a princess. If I see you do it again, you shall feel the weight of my hand."

The fair Lisbeth wept in her chamber at the hard temper of her husband, and she often wished herself at home in the poor hut of her father, she would far rather have been there, than to live with the rich but miserly Peter; ah, if she had known that he had a marble heart, and could not love either herself or any one else, she could not have been so much surprised. But when she was sitting at her door, and a poor beggar passed by and took off his hat and began to tell his story, she closed her eyes that she might not behold his misery, and held her hand, which she involuntarily put into her pocket for a penny, shut tight. For this reason it came to pass that the fair Lisbeth was blamed all through the forest, and people said she was still more miserly than Peter Munk.

But one day Lisbeth was sitting before the house door spinning and humming a tune, for she felt gay, because the weather was fair, and master Peter had ridden out across the field.—Now there came along an old man carrying a heavy sack, and she heard him coughing at a distance. She looked with compassion towards him, and thought what a pity such a little old man should have to bear such a heavy burden.

Meantime the old man came slowly along, and when he came opposite madam Lisbeth he almost sank under the weight of his sack. "Oh, have mercy upon me, good lady," said he, "and reach me only a cup of water," said the little man: "I cannot go any farther, I must die miserably."

"Put you should not carry such a heavy burden in your old age," said Lisbeth.

"Ah, is is not on account of my poverty, and to gain a mouthful of bread, that I labor as a porter," replied he, "but such a rich lady as you are, does not know the pains of poverty; and how good a draught of water tastes when one is so heated."

On hearing this she entered the house took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; yet, as she was going towards him, and saw how feeble the old man looked as he sat wearily upon his sack, she remembered that her husband was not at home, so she sat down her pitcher of water, took a cup and filled it with wine, took with it a good loaf of bread, and carried to the old man. "A drop of wine may be better for you than water, you are so old poor man, but do not drink too fast, and eat some bread with it."

The old man looked at her with surprise, his eyes filled with tears, he drank and said, "I have grown old but I have seen few persons who have been so kind, and have bestowed their bounty so mildly and pleasantly as you have done, Madam Lisbeth, but it will be well with you for it upon earth, and so kind a heart will not go unrewarded."

"No, and you shall have your reward upon the spot," cried a furious voice, and on looking round they saw master Peter, his face as red as fire.

"And is the way you pour out my best wine for beggars, and offer my own silver cup to street walkers? Take your reward for it."

Poor Lisbeth fell at his feet and prayed for forgiveness, but his stony heart had no mercy, he brandished the whip which he held in his hand, and struck so hard on her fair forehead with the wooden handle of it that she sank without life into the arms of the old man. When Peter saw this, he repented on the spot of his wickedness, and stooped down to see whether life still remained in her, but the old man spoke in a well known voice, "Give yourself no uneasiness, coalman Peter, she was the fairest and sweetest flower in the Black Forest, and you you have torn it up and never will you see it bloom again."

Then all the blood fled from Peter's cheeks, and he said, "And was it then you, Mr. Glassman? Now what is done is done, and it must be so; but I hope you will not bring me to trial for murder."

"Miserable man," answered the little Glassmen, "what good would it do me to see your mortal covering brought to the gallows? It is not earthly punishment you need fear, but others more severe, for you have sold your soul to wickedness."

"And if I have sold my heart," cried Peter, "no one is to blame for it but you and your deceitful treasure, wicked spirit, you led me to ruin, and I was driven to seek shelter elsewhere; yours is all the fault."

But scarcely had he said this, when the Glassman grew and increased, and became tall and broad, and his eyes looked as large as a soup plate, and his mouth like a hot oven, and flames came out of it. Peter threw himself upon his knees, and his stony heart did not prevent him from feeling his knees tremble like an aspen leaf. The wood spirit took him, as if with eagle's claws, by the neck, twirled him round like a dry leaf in a whirlwind, threw him on the ground and made his bones snap.

"Earthworm," cried he, in a tone like thunder, I could crush you if I would, for you have spoken against the Lord of the Forest; but on account of this dead woman, who has given me food and drink, I give you eight days respite. If you do not repent, I will return and break every bone in your body, and you shall go hence in your sins."

It was already evening, when some men passing by, saw Peter Munk lying on the ground.—They turned him over and over, and tried to discover whether there was breath in him, but for a long time they sought in vain. At last one of them went into the house and brought out water and sprinkled upon him. Then Peter drew a long breath, and sighed, and opened his eyes, looked for a long time about him, and asked after Lisbeth, but no one had seen her. He thanked the men for their assistance, went into his house and looked about, but his wife, Lisbeth, was no where to be found, in the parlor, or in the cellar, and what he had thought to be a frightful dream was the bitter truth.

While he was now all alone, strange thoughts came over him; he feared nothing, for his heart was cold: but when he remembered the death of his wife, his own death came before his mind, and how he should go away before with the tears of the poor, with a thousand of their curses, which could not enter his heart with the grief of the poor creature whom he had hunted off with his dogs, hardened with the silent despair of his mother, and with the blood of the good, the beautiful Lisbeth. And what account could he give to the [illegible] when he came and [illegible] to say [illegible], your wife?" He would be [illegible] question, to which [illegible] the words all the [illegible] mountain [illegible] How would he answer for the [illegible] of his wife?

In the night dreams troubled him [illegible] moment he was awakened by a soft [illegible] cried out to him, "Peter make thy heart!" and when he awoke he closed his eyes quickly again, for the voice must come to the ear of Lisbeth, who gave him this warning.

He was troubled and in pain through the day, and the next night four or six times he heard the well known voice whispering in his ears, "Peter, make your self a warm heart." He felt no repentance that he had killed her, but when he told people that his wife had gone a

journey, he always thought to himself, where is he journeying.

Six days past in this manner, and every night he heard this voice, and all the time he thought of the wood spirit of his fearful threat, but on the seventh morning he sprang from his bed and cried, "now I will see whether I can make myself a warmer heart for the stupid stone in my breast makes my life tedious and empty. He dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, mounted his horse and rode to the pine forest.

In the pine woodwhere the trees stood closer, he dismounted, tied his horse, and proceeded with a quick pace to the top of the hill and when he came before the thick pines he stood still and said,

"Oh thou whose treasure is in the green pine wood, many hundred years old art thou, thine is all the land, all the pine trees are thine, but the happy children who are born on Sunday."

Then the little glass man came out, but not cheerfully and pleasantly, but dark and sad, he had on a little coat of black glass, and a long mourning band floated from his hat, and Peter know well for whom he wore mourning.

'What will you have, Peter Munk?' said he with a harsh voice.

'I have one wish more of the three you promised me, master treasure keeper,' said Peter his eyes cast down.

'Can hearts of stone still wish?' said the other, 'you have every thing your wretched spirit needs, and I can hardly grant your wish.'

'You promised me three wishes, I have one remaining to name.'

'I can refuse it if it is foolish,' replied the wood spirit, 'but go on, I will hear what you have to say.'

'Then take away this dead stone, and give me my living heart,' said Peter.

'Did I make a bargain with you?' said the little glass man, am I Dutch Michael, who gave your riches and a cold heart? You must seek your heart of him.

'Ah he will never give it back to me,' said Peter sadly.

'I pity you, bad as you are, said the little man after some consideration. 'But because your wish is not foolish I cannot refuse my help, so listen. You cannot regain your heart by power, but you must by cunning, and it may not be very difficult for Michael will always be stupid Michael, though he thinks himself very wise.—So go directly to him and do just as I tell you.' He now explained every thing to him and gave him a crucifix of pure glass. He can not hurt your life,' said he, 'and will let you go free if you hold it before him and pray to God with all your heart. And if you get what you desire, come again to me at this place.'

Peter Munk took the crucifix, repeated over what the glass man told him, so that he need not forget it, and went to Dutch Michael's house.—He pronounced his name three times, and immediately the giant stood before him. 'You have killed your wife,' said he with a fearful laugh, 'and it is well, she had given your wealth to beggers. But you must go out of the country for a while, it will make a noise if she is not found; you want money for this I suppose and have come for more?"

'You have guessed right,' answered Peter, this time, 'for America is a great way off.'

Michael went forward and led him into his house, he there opened a drawer in which lay much gold, and drew out some long rolls. While he was counting the money on the table Peter said, 'You are a bad bird Michael, and have deceived me. You told me I should have a stone in my breast, and you should have my heart.'

'And is it not so?' asked Michael, astonished, 'Do you feel your heart, is it not as cold as ice? Do you have fear or grief, are you sorry for any thing?'

'You have only stopped the beating of my heart but I have it in my breast the same as ever, and fat Ezekiel says you have told a lie and that you are not the man who can take away a heart without danger. You must be a magician for that.'

'But I assure you,' cried Michael, 'you and Ezekiel and all rich people who have been to me, have cold hearts just alike, and I have your real heart here in my chamber.'

'How falsly you speak,' said Peter, laughing, you can cheat another but not me; do you think I have not seen such things as these by the dozens in my travels? They make hearts of wax like those in your chamber. You are a rich fellow,' I confess, but no magician.'

The giant grew angry and pulled upon the chamber door. 'Come here and read the labels on all of them; see, here is Peter Munk's heart, see how it quivers, can such a thing as that be made out of wax?'

'And yet it is wax answered Peter, 'a real heart does not beat in that manner, and I have my own in my bosom. No, you are no magician.'

'But I will prove it to you,' cried Michael angrily, 'you shall feel for yourself that this is your heart.' He took it, opened Peter's vest, and took a stone from his breast and held it up before him. He then took the heart, breathed upon it and put it carefully in its place, and immediately Peter felt it beat, and he could now rejoice at it.

'How is it with you now?' said Michael, laughing.

'Indeed you were right, answered Peter, while he carefully drew his little glass cross from his pocket, 'I should not have thought that the thing could be done.'

'Is it not true and am I not a magician do you think? Now I will put the stone back again.

'Softly, master Michael,' cried Peter, stepping back and holding up the little cross. 'Mice are caught with cheese, and this time you are the one cheated.' And he then began to say his prayers most devoutly.

Whereupon Michael began to grow smaller and smaller, fell down and twisted about like a worm, and sighed and groaned, and all the hearts there began to quiver and beat, so that it sounded as if one were in a clockmaker's shop. But Peter was in great fear, all his courage forsook him, he ran out of the chamber, and out of the house and driven by his anxiety, he climbed up the rocks, for he heard Michael, who was recovering himself, stamping and shouting, and sending fearful curses after him. When he reached the top, he ran to the pine grove, a fearful storm arose, the lightning fell on the right and on the left, and trees were thrown down, but he escaped the danger and reached the ground of the little glass man safely.

His heart beat joyfully, and then again it had no power to beat. He looked back upon his past life, as upon the storm which had destoyed the beautiful forest on the right and left behind him. He thought on his wife, Lisbeth, his fair good wife, whom he had murdered out of avarice; he looked on himself as an outcast from men and he was weeping violently when he reached the glassman's hill.

The treasure keeper sat under the pine tree and smoked his little pipe, and his face was more pleasant than before; 'Why do you weep coalman Peter,' said he, have you not received your heart again,—does it still lie cold in your breast?'

'Ah, my lord,' sighed Peter; 'when I carried the old stony heart, I never wept, my eyes were as dry as the ground in July, but now what I have done will almost break my heart. My debtors I have driven into misery. I have set my dogs on the poor and sick, and you yourself know how my whip fell upon her fair forehead.'

'Peter you have been a great sinner, 'said the little man; Money and idleness have ruined you, and your heart became stone, and you no longer knew joy or sorrow, or compassion. But repentance, if sincere, will be accepted; and if I only knew that you were really sorry for your past life, I might do something for you.'

'I can do nothing more,' answered Peter, and his head sunk in sorrow. 'Every thing is over with me—what can I do alone in the world? My mother will never forgive me what I have done to her, and perhaps I have brought her to the grave—monster that I am—and Lisbeth, my wife—strike me dead rather, master treasure keeper, and then my miseries will be ended.'

'Good, answered the little man, 'if you will have nothing else, you can have that, I have my axe at hand.' He quietly took his little pipe from his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and put it away, then rose slowly and went behind the pines. But Peter sat weeping on the grass, his life was no longer of value to him, and he patiently waited the stroke of death. After a while he heard light steps behind him, and thought 'now it is coming.'

'Look around once more, Peter Munk,' cried the little man; Peter wiped the tears from his eyes, looked about, and saw—his mother and Lisbeth his wife, looking kindly upon him. He sprung joyfully up, 'and are you not dead, Lisbeth, and are you here, mother, and do you forgive me?'

'They will forgive you,' said the glassman, 'if you truly repent; then every thing shall be forgotten. Go home to your father's hut and be a coalman as at first; if you are industrious and honest, you will do more honor to your trade, and your neighbors will love and respect you more than if you had ten tons of gold.' So saying the little glassman left them.

All three joined in praising their benefactor, and uttering blessings on his name. They then went home.

The splendid house in which Peter had formerly lived, was no longer standing. It had been struck with lightning and burnt up with all it contained; but the old hut of his father was at no great distance, and thither they took their way, little grieved at their loss.

But what was their surprise on coming to the hut. It was changed to a pretty farm house, and every thing was simple, but good and neat.

'This is the work of the good little glassman,' cried Peter.

'How pretty,' said Lisbeth, 'I like this much better than the great house with troops of servants.'

From that time Peter Munk was a more industrious and worthy man. He was content with what he had; he worked steadily at his business, and it turned out that, by his own exertions, he became as rich, as much respected and beloved, as any person in the whole forest. He never quarreled with his Lisbeth, he honored his mother, and gave to all the poor who knocked at his door. When at the end of the year and a day, he had a son born to him, Peter went to the pine grove, and called the glassman as he had formerly done. But the glassman did not show himself. 'Master glassman,' said he, I have come to invite you to the christening of my little son.' But he received no answer, but a gust of wind whistled through the pines and some of the pine apples fell on the grass.—'I will keep these to remember you by,' said Peter, 'since you won't allow me to see you,' and he picked up the apples and put them in his pocket, and went home. But when he took off his Sunday coat, and his mother turned the pockets before putting it away in the chest, there fell out four rolls of gold, which, when opened, turned out to be good new dollars, with not a false one among them, and this was the glassman's christening present to little Peter.

And so they lived quietly and industriously, and when Peter Munk's hair grew grey, he used to say, 'it is better to be contented with a Little, than to have gold and land and a STONY HEART.'

GREEN TEA AND BLACK TEA.—There are two or three opinions common in the United States about green tea, which are great mistakes. One is, that the Chinese themselves do not use green tea; this is a mistake. But they don't use such green tea as is used in England and America. They most commonly pick out the fine and dried parts and separate them, calling one gunpowder, and another hyson, and another hyson skin.

The second mistake is, that the green tea is made by roasting it on copper plates, which turns it green, and gives it its sharp astringent qualities. All the tea made about Zeetung (a good many thousand pounds) is fried in iron pans.

But if the Chinese don't make green tea copper pans, they do what is a great deal worse.—They mix Prussian blue with what is sold to foreigners, which gives it the greenish blue color it so often has, and something of its astringent qualities. Prussian blue in poison; and the only reason why green tea does so little harm is, that it requires but a small quantity to color a large amount of tea. But still, small as the quantity is, it does harm; and the people not accustomed to the use of green tea, can hardly sleep after drinking it. You may almost always tell whether there is any Prussian blue in the tea, by drawing off the infusion and placing it in a white cup. If the infusion is perfectly out clear, and of a slightly green color, it is all right; but if it has a dirty appearance, as if there was some coloring matter suspended in it, then there is some Prussian blue, or something else there.

The Chinese put the Prussian blue, and stuffs in the tea, as foreigners have taken a notion that green tea is not green tea, unless it is very green. People in England and America, don't like green tea, such as the Chinese use, and won't buy it. Well, the Chinese are very accommodating people, and they laugh in their big sleeves, and say 'Since the foreigners want very green tea, we'll give it to them. But they must pay us a little more for making it so green.' Little green tea goes to the United States, that has not more or less of the Prussian blue, or some other drug added to give a color.—[Exchange paper.

We think our readers will enjoy this. The Ohio True Democrat owns its parentage.

THE DEAD LETTER. There is something rather strange about those letters not being taken by Gen. Taylor post-marked Philadelphia, June 7th, 8th, and 9th. Now Gen. Taylor and his family knew that a National Convention was to assemble in Philadelphia on the 7th of June, A. D. 1848, for no other purpose than that of nominating candidates for President and Vice President. Before the Convention General Taylor was a candidate, and, modest and retireing, and non-committed as he is claimed to be, he could not but feel a little interest in the proceedings of that meeting.

Letters were placed in his hands, postmarked Philadelphia, June 7th, and 8th and 9th. Now, we ask any man of common sense, if it is not strange that General Taylor should have refused those letters?

"His son, who was graduated at Yale College last year, and his beautiful and accomplished daughter, who has refused several offers, because her father does not wish her to marry a soldier," as they stand behind the old General, would have said, "father, here are letters from Philadelphia—the Convention is in session—perhaps they contain news of your nomination."—The old General, giving his spectacles "the war cant," would have replied, "children, 'have not I said, again and again, that I would not be the candidate of a party measures or principles?—that I would except a nomination from either the Natives, the Democrats, or the Whigs, should they think proper to tender it, *without being pledged or even considering myself so, to advocate the views or opinions of either?* And have I not said it has not been my intention, at any moment to change my position—or to withdraw my name from the canvass, whosoever may be the nominee of the National Convention, either of the Whig party? And do you think that the Whig party, which has ever been regarded as a party of principle—as a party who will, under all circumstances, stand by their principles—are at this time resolved upon passing by all the old and well tried veterans of the party, such men as Clay, and Webster, and Ewing, and Sargeant, and Granger, and Mangum, and Davis, and Crittenden, and Corwin, and Clayton, and Fillmore, and Berrien, and Forward, and Bell, to take up a man who has never voted in his life, and who has passed his days in the cumpstead on the field. Believe me, the Whigs never will do an act so inconsistent. Send back the letters—they only tell of defeat, and that your father never heard of before in any matter where he was personally concerned.

And so Dick who graduated at Yale, looked a little sour, and the beautiful daughter who has given so many the *mitten*, pouted wee bit, and Tom took back the letters to the Post office, saying, "Massa Taylor dosen't want 'em."

JOHN VAN BUREN AND THE "OLD MAN."

Major Noah, of the New York Sunday Times, tells the following anecdotes of the younger and elder Van Buren. We suppose, of course, that they are as authentic as most concoctions of this kind; still they are funny:

Inquiries were made at the meeting in the Park for John Van Buren. One half of the company came to hear him speak; not caring a straw for the terms. John was there, but he refused to speak.—He saw all the old faces, and would not repeat that one speech again, and he had dished up nothing new. The world is angry with Mr. Van Buren for having led his son into this political morass, but we rather think the son has led the father into the quagmire.—When John established the Albany Atlas to put down the Argus—the thing of all others which has made the present muss in the party—the old gentleman went up to Albany from Kinderhook to remonstrate with John, and to preach caution, mildness, and forbearence. He saw what would grow out of it, and admonished the son to be careful and not to get into a fight with the Argus. Young Hotspur heard him out with his usual amibility, and said in reply—"My dear sir, I have greatest respect for your opinion, your experience, and your judgement; but what the dogs do you know of politics?" There is no doubt that the old gentleman has great confidence in John's talents; but not in his discretion, and they have no secrets from each other.

The Van Buren family are dreadful sleepers; they set up half the night, and lay in bed till noon. A droll scene occurred once at Washington, when Mr. Van Buren was Vice President. He laid in bed so late that he could not reach the Senate at 12 o'clock to call that body to order. Lamenting his sleeping propensity to John, he declared that there must be a reform—they all slept to late.

"Let's make a bargain," said John. "The first who rises shall call the other up with leave to pull the delinquent out of bed, if not in time."

"Agreed!" said the old gentleman.

One night John sat up playing brag with a parcel of roysterers until the morning's sun darted its rays through the green blinds. "Bless me!" said he, "why its 7 o'clock. I must go and call the old gentleman up." John went to his chamber made his toilet and then went into his fathers room.

"Halloa! Do you know how late it is father? Past 8. Come, tumble up?"

"Oh John, let me sleep a little longer."

"Not a minute—you remember the bargain!" So he rolled the old gentleman into his blanket and sheet, deposited him very gently on the floor, and left him.

One thing is certain between the old and young magicans, they distrust each other's quickness, aptness and discrimination. Some time ago there was a caucus at Flagg's, at Albany, to talk over political matters. Col. Young, John Van Buren, the Ex President, with other leading men, were present. Mr Van Buren, as usual was preaching caution, and conciliation to all John's propositions.

"There," said John to one of the party, "I told you he was an old hunker. He ain't sound."

FREE SOIL MEETING.

Monday evening last, Hon. Jabez C. Woodman of Minot, gave a Free Soil address at the City Hall, to a large company, in which he glorified Mr. Van Buren, himself, the Buffalo Convention, and the various other lions of the day. When we entered the Hall, Hon. Mr. MORSE was just closing the reading of a report of Mr. Webster's late speech at Marshfield, in which Mr. W. reiterated what had before been said of him—that he should neither support nor oppose the election of Taylor. Mr. Woodman took the stand and commenced by a very circuitous route to inform the audience of his own importance as a 'Buffalo,' and of the attention bestowed upon him by Hon. Francis Ormond Jonathan Smith, once a democrat, once a 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too' man, and now a Taylor man. With a good share of egotism, considerable gas, and no small sprinkling of humbug, Mr Woodman contrived to interest the audience for about an hour and a half, calling forth plenty of applause, and giving no great comfort to his old friends, the whigs. Warming up with his subject, he *threw off his coat*, and though he did not roll up his sleeves, yet he manifested that his heart is in the work, and that he is determined to shrink from no portion of his responsibilities in the matter.

[Bath Times.

CASE OF BIGAMY. A correspondent in Chicopee furnishes us with the following history of a villainous case of bigamy that has just been exposed in that village:

On the 20th of April last, Charles W. Follett and wife engaged as weavers in the employ of the Dwight Co. at Chicopee, and worked until the 9th of May, when Follett left for Boston, or some place East on the sea shore, on account of poor health—leaving his wife still at work in the mill. She received one or two letters from him after he left, from different places in the Eastern part of the State. On going to the office one day, for a letter, she found one for him; took it out, and found it to be a letter from another wife he had, living at Otsego, New York. Overwhelmed with grief, she wrote to her friends, and a brother came for her and carried her home, to Gardiner, Me.

On the 30th ult., a woman, with a small child, three months old, presented herself at the office of the Dwight Co. and inquired for Charles W. Follett, saying that he was her husband. Here she received the first intimation that he had another wife, and her grief was truly pitiable. Her account of herself and Follett is this. She became acquainted with him at the mills in New England Village, and after three months acquaintance, married him in May, 1847. They continued to work in the mill together, as long as she was able, when she left him, on the 27th March, 1848, and went to his mother's in Otsego N. Y., at which place her child was born, in May. He continued to write her until he left Chicopee.

From comparing dates it seems he was married a second time just one month after his wife left him. He represented to his second wife that he was a widower, and had a letter, purporting to be from his mother, giving an account of his wife's death; he also told this letter to a Methodist meeting, (of which Church he was a member,) and requested the prayers and sympathies of his brethren for him in his affliction. He is now somewhere in Massachusetts or Maine, where we trust this history may reach him, and warn the unsuspecting. [Springfield Republican.

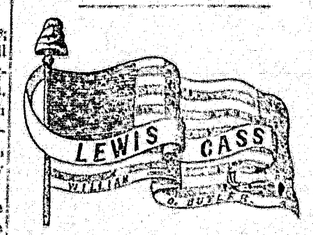
"Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?" "No, Johny." "Cause it would give 'em a hos-tile appearance." "My good gracious where can that boy have been?"

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, SEPT. 12, 1848.

Democratic Republican Nominations.



ELECTION,.... TUESDAY, NOV. 7.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS,

OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS.

HUGH J. ANDERSON, *of Belfast.*
RUFUS McINTIRE, *of Pawnalboro.*
EDWARD L. OSGOOD, *of Frycburg.*
THOMAS D. ROBINSON, *of Bath.*
OLIVER L. SANBORN, *of Portland.*
ANDREW MASTERS, *of Hallowell.*
ASA CLARK, *of Norridgewock.*
DAVID R. STRAW, *of Guilford.*
ARNO WISWELL, *of Ellsworth.*

THE ELECTION.

Below will be found the vote of this town yesterday for the different candidates. On the Gubernatorial vote, the Whigs and Abolitionists have made a nett gain of three on the Democratic vote of last year. Not so bad as we anticipated in the morning. For Representative to Congress the vote presents a worse complexion. Mr. McCrate lost 4 votes from Mr. Clark's vote last year, the Abolition candidate gained one, and Mr. Goodenow, the Whig candidate gained thirty from the vote for Morse last year. The other candidates received a vote about in the same proportion as that of last year.

Mr. Thayer is re-elected to the Legislature.

FOR GOVERNOR.	
John W. Dana,	304
Elijah L. Hamlin,	65
Samuel Fessenden,	66
REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.	
John D. McCrate,	273
R. K. Goodenow,	97
W. H. Vinton,	54
SENATORS.	
Philo Clark,	305
James H. Farnum,	303
James Hobbs, Jr.,	305
Reuel Barrows,	65
Asa Danforth,	65
Alvah Hersey,	65
Abraham Andrews, Jr.	66
Wm. Hayford,	66
CLERK OF COURTS.	
Wm. K. Kimball,	247
David P. Stowell,	51
COUNTY ATTORNEY.	
Charles W. Walton,	303
Alexander R. Bradley,	65
COUNTY COMMISSIONER.	
John Walker, Jr.,	304
John M. Wilson,	65
Joseph Barrows,	66
COUNTY TREASURER.	
Nathan M. Marble,	265
John Dennett,	84
Thomas Stevens,	65
REP. TO LEGISLATURE.	
Ziba Thayer,	267
Simeon Cummings,	151
Asaph Kittredge,	4
F. Bomis,	7
E. Denham,	1
Jas. Dennett,	1

	Dana.	Hamlin	Fessenden.
Bethel,	184	20	4
Oxford,	142	52	40
Norway,	120	118	102
Livermore,	75	118	78
Hamlin's Grant,	19	1	
Andover,	58	64	9
Andover Surplus,	6	3	
Woodstock,	159	3	21
Sumner,	95	27	43
Minot,	131	106	37

We behold systematic efforts publicly made to sow the seeds of discord between different parts of the United States, and to place party divisions directly upon geographical distinctions, to excite the south against the north and the north against the south and to force into the controversy the most delicate and excited topics, upon which it is impossible that a large portion of the Union can ever speak without strong emotion. Appeals, too, are constantly made to sectional interests, in order to influence the election of chief magistrate, as if it were desired that he should favor a particular quarter of the country instead of fulfilling the duties of his station with impartial justice to all, and the possible dissolution of the Union has at length become an ordinary and familiar subject of discussion. Has the warning voice of Washington been forgotten? Or have designs already been formed to sever the Union.

Jackson's Farewell Address.

William C. Rives, of Virginia, says General Cass is one of the most able and accomplished ministers and jurists of whom any country can boast.

There's war in Morocco. So the papers say. Well, it might as well be in morocco as in calfskins.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

The anxiety with regard to the position of the great expounder of the constitution is at an end, for the whigs have now got his views, and as much of them as they can digest. Daniel Webster has once more spoken, as he did in 1842 in Faneuil Hall, frankly, powerfully, and dealt out another most unmerciful castigation to his party.—He does not like the policy of the whigs in nominating Taylor, and he says so in plain words: he does not like the doctrine of *availability*, and he treats it with merited scarcasm. Evidently he will not allow his party to thrust Taylor on to the country as a second Washington, for he says his nomination is WITHOUT PRECEDENT and WITHOUT JUSTIFICATION in our history. He as evidently views the shameful abandonment of principles by his party with scorn and and contempt. And yet we see that the whig presses are lauding this speech! If the universal whig party can be gratified with such a support of their candidate, then have they learned to receive small favors with thankfulness and to have their sins laid open with satisfaction. Verily his side-blows upon them, no less than his direct thrusts, are tremendous. If this speech helps along the Taylorising process of the whigs, they are welcome to its aid. Democrats can afford to thank Webster for this last effort. While he speaks with evident contempt of the whig and free soil candidates, he as evidently regards the learning, talents and statesmanship of General Cass with great respect.

The speech, throughout, is a rich one, and will well repay a perusal. It is almost entirely presidential, and has little more than a passing allusion to the great questions of the tariff, the currency, or the constitution. His object was to tell "the people of the United States" where he was in the present crisis of his party. And for this purpose he examines the qualifications of the three candidates before the country.—We propose only to notice his views of Gen. Taylor. He opens in the following manner on old Zach:—

"The nomination of a candidate for the presidency made by the whig convention in Philadelphia is not satisfactory to the whigs of Massachusetts. That is certain, and it would be idle to attempt to conceal the fact. It is more just and more patriotic to take facts as they are, and things as they are, and deduce our own convictions of duty from what exists before us. However respectable and distinguished in the line of his own profession, or however estimable as a private citizen, General Taylor is a military man—and a military man merely.—He has had no training in civil affairs; he has performed no functions of a civil nature, under the constitution of his country; he has been known—and is known—only by his brilliant achievements at the head of an army. Now the whigs of Massachusetts, and I among them, are of opinion that it was not wise or discreet to go to the army for the selection of a candidate for the presidency of the United States."

He then, after looking at the chief magistrates Washington and Harrison, say that the nomination of old Zach is a case by itself, *unprecedented, and without justification from any thing in our previous history.* Still he throws, out of pure charity, a crumb of comfort to the Taylorites. After putting in a *caveat* that he does not personally know much of Taylor, he sums up the whole matter as follows:—

"I think of him very much as he seems to think of himself—that he is an honest man, of an independent mind, and with upright purposes; and as to his qualifications for the presidency, he has nothing more to say about it."

Now isn't that a rich eulogy pronounced by the great Daniel of the qualifications of the candidate of the universal whig party? and after he had just said that the fact that Taylor was "*a skillful, brave and gallant soldier*" went but "A VERY LITTE WAY" with him, to make out the *proper* qualifications for a president of the United States!!

Mr Webster next speaks of the manner of Taylor's early nomination mainly by whigs and how it was hailed in Massachusetts. We believe the new whig partizan, the *Reverend* Mr. Upham, of Salem, intimates considerable credit for himself for his long vision in discerning the dawn of the Taylor star. This reverend, and others interested, will please notice this paragraph:

"Gen. Taylor's nomination was hailed, not very extensively, but by some enthusiastic and not very far seeing people, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There were even among us whigs, quite early enough in manifesting their confidence in this nomination, a little too early, it may be, in uttering notes of exultation in anticipated triumph; it might have been better that they should wait.

Now the truth is, gentlemen, and no man can avoid seeing it, unless, as sometimes

happens, the object is too near our eyes to be distinctly discerned, the truth is that in these conventions, and also in the convention at Philadelphia, Gen. Taylor was nominated exactly for this reason, that believing him to be a whig, they thought he could be chosen more easily than any other whig. That is the whole of it; that sagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of *availability* lies at the bottom of the whole matter."

Now is not this, too, capital? even the bare words are rich, but it must have been a perfect luxury to hear Webster say them.

Mr Webster next proceeds to defend his political friends from the charge made in the Buffalo convention, that the whig candidates were nominated at the dictation of the slave power. After stating that he did not believe a word of this, but that Taylor was nominated because the whigs believed they could elect him, he defended them in this wise:—

"Now, gentlemen, in my opinion, that was a wholly unwise policy; it was not suitable to the whig character; it was not reconcilable to true wisdom; it was short sighted temporizing upon questions of great principle; but I acquit anybody concerned in it from any imputation of that motive which is ascribed to them; and especially which is ascribed to them in a part of this Buffalo platform."

The conclusion of the whole matter, so far as Mr Webster is concerned, is, that he will not oppose the election of Taylor; and as to the course of his brother whigs, "*I leave that.*" that is the momentous question of voting for Taylor, "*to every man's conscience!*" If this is not a cold shoulder, what is one?

The N. Y. Herald says: "From beginning to end, he seems to be making an apology for supporting a man so ignorant in public affairs as even he himself represents Gen. Taylor. He damns his own candidate with faint praise. While the obscure friends of Mr. Clay still boldly and chivalrously seem to be foremost in assailing Gen. Taylor to his face, Mr. Webster and his friends seem to place themselves in a position of half and half assassins—smiling with one cheek, while there is scorn on the other, and the dagger itself is about being directed to some place under the fifth rib."

We have conventions and mass meetings in New York and New England; but unless some new spirit springs up among the great body of the people, the luke-warmness produced by the Taylor whig party in New York, by the whig journals of this metropolis, and Mr Webster's friends in Massachusetts, will produce their legitimate results in the defeat of the hero of Buena Vista.' Boston Post.

GIVING IT UP.

The New York Journal of Commerce—not a party paper, but which has hitherto warmly supported and still supports General Taylor, mainly, we believe, in view of his first no party position—thus virtually surrenders the hopes of his candidate, after a review of the results of the August elections. This tone of the Journal is the more remarkable, in that it was a short time since most sanguine in its calculations upon the General's military popularity. We commend it to the notice of our readers, as a correct comment of Mr. Van Buren's prospects in the approaching contest:

"Take it all in all, the results of the August elections are not such as the Commercial is disposed to consider favorable, and we think it clearly indicate that the [illegible] will be severe, notwithstanding the overwhelming tide of popularity which seemed at one time to be carrying the whole country in favor of General Taylor. The Washington Union begins now to talk of carrying New York for Cass. But this is impossible. It will neither go for Cass nor Van Buren, but for Taylor. We are, however, inclined to think, on the whole, the movements of the barnburners will help Mr. Cass, particularly their embrace of abolitionism, ultra whiggery, and the odds and ends of factions generally, at the late Buffalo Convention. They have thus become associated in the public mind with what is inherently unpopular and odious. It requires no great sagacity to foresee the result. We state it now as our deliberate opinion, and wish it to be remembered, that notwithstanding the reinforcements they have received from extraneous sources, they will not be able to give Mr. Van Buren a single electoral vote. No doubt they will poll a respectable number of votes in this State, but it will not be a plurality of the whole, and therefore will avail nothing.

"As the Buffalo men are more hostile to Cass than to Taylor, the South naturally infer that Cass is the safer candidate of the two for their interests, and they also feel bound in honor many of them, to make up to him, if they can, the losses which he has sustained in consequence of taking what they deem national and impartial ground on sectional questions. These two considerations will transfer to Cass several States at the South and Southwest, which would otherwise have gone for Taylor."

☞ The Union Magazine for September has been received. It is richly embellished with engravings and wood cuts. The present number is fully equal in point of interest to any of its predecessors. James L. Grau, publisher, 110 Nassau Street, New York.

For the Democrat.

THE BUFFALO PLATFORM.

HOW CAN VAN BUREN SUBSCRIBE TO IT?

The Buffalo Convention holden on the 9th of Aug., was composed of men from all parties. It was first suggested at a Whig meeting in Ohio, by a Whig, and urged as a great and important Whig measure. The Barnburner Democrats in New York, in concert with the Whigs of Ohio, consented to postpone their platform, and their final decision in relation to a Presidential candidate, until they could meet their Whig brethren in Convention at Buffalo; and then and there put forth a candidate which both parties could support. The so called Liberty party, watching the political movements with an eagle eye, ready at any moment to join any faction where abolitionism and *darkness* were most prominent, sought and obtained the right to take part in the proceedings of that Convention.—When the Convention assembled, the whig power was in the ascendant, and the Convention was organized by the choice of Charles F. Adams—a whig, dyed in the wool, and son of John Q. Adams. The only thing in this convention, which was done to conciliate Democrats was the appointment of B. F. Butler as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions; and good care was taken that even in this, his opinions and wishes should be outweighed by appointing the greater number of his associates from the Whig and Liberty parties. Such is the history of this great Whig Convention—Whig in its origin—Whig in its organization—Whig in its doctrines—and what is more, it is to be hoped, it will be Whig in its destiny, viz: that it will be victorious every day in the year except election day.

Mr. Van Buren, formerly a Democrat but now an Abolition-Whig, was there chosen, or rather imolated, by this strange medley of heterogenious political elements. A political platform was there instituted which was presented to Mr. Van Buren for his acceptance and concurrence. In answer to it he has written a long letter, by which we learn he is willing to stand on every plank in the platform except one—that one is the vote-yourself-a-Farm plank. This he considers rotten, and will not stand it.

What is the Buffalo Platform? In the Platform of a great party, in a free and enlightened country like that of the United States, it is natural—and not only natural but necessary that a declaration of fundamental principles should be made and presented to the people. In this platform nothing is said about the great principles of American Republicans—about trusting to the intelligence and discrimination of the people—about appealing to their sense of justice in influencing their approbation of political measures—about their acquiescence in the will of the majority—about the idea that officers and officers are but agents and not the masters of the people—and that mind, intelligence, and not property, capital, hereditary descent shall have control of the Government, &c. We should naturally expect to see in such a platform some expression of opinions in relation to the Constitutional powers of the Federal Government, on the great questions which have agitated this whole country from its origin, and will contine to agitate it as long as it exists—The questions of revenue—the best mode of collecting and disbursing the public moneys—The Constitutional power to enter upon a system of Internal Improvements—the adoption of the so called American System—the Distribution of the land sales and the Assumption of the State Debts are all unsettled questions. Mr. Corwin, the [illegible] has given a second Clay—on the 26th [illegible], in a speech to the Whigs of Cincinnati—and—

"He stated in the outset that the old party lines were thrown aside. The Protective policy and internal improvements, were questions as the success of which every true Whig was deeply interested, and for which he should never cease to battle." This Protective policy of which Mr. Corwin speaks, spans the whole question of Revenue, National Bank, and Constitutional Treasury. Mr. Webster, in a speech delivered at Marshfield on the first day of the present month, declared that "the state of the country does require an essential reform in the system of revenue and finance." What man will hereafter make the false assertion that old issues are abandoned and settled. And where is the man who will not say that these are National questions, affecting the whole country, upon the settlement of which depend the welfare and prosperity of the Union? Every man must, therefore, see the great, the absolute necessity of a declaration of opinion on these its questions, as the basis of a National platform and a National party. I hazzard nothing in saying the Buffalo platform expresses no opinion on these vital and fundamental questions.

The first resolution declares "We plant ourselves on the National platform of Freedom in opposition to Slavery." Every Democrat will say Amen to that.

The second resolution declares that "The National Government shall not interfere with Slavery in the States." No objection to that.

The third resolution asserts "that the great object of the General Government has ever been to limit and localize Slavery.

The fifth repeats the Preamble to the Constitution.

The sixth says that "Congress has no more power to make a Slave than it has to make a King." Who ever said it had?

The seventh asserts that "Congress should relieve itself of all responsibility for the existence of Slavery, wherever it has the authority to Legislate on the subject." This may to a certain degree be true; but it is questionable.—Honest men differ about it.

The eighth asserts that "Congress must prohibit its extension into free territory." Amen to that.

The ninth says "that we accept the issue which the slave power has forced upon us, and to their demand for more Slave States and Territories, our calm but final answer is, No more Slave States, no more Slave Territories." This issue has not been forced upon the North. It is an issue that has been presented for discussion and decision. Not to the people of one section, North or South, East or West, but to the people of the United States. It should be presented, discussed and decided as we have heretofore decided every question of political economy.

The tenth resolution condemns the recent compromise bill—a bill which is dead and buried.

The eleventh demands a territorial Government for Oregon. She has got one with which we are all satisfied.

The twelfth "demands cheap postage for the people—retrenchment of the expenses of Government—abolition of *all unnecessary* offices," &c. If this resolution had demanded an unconditional use of the franking privilege, it would have been worth something. As it is, it is but a statement to catch votes.

The thirteenth resolution asserts "that River and Harbor improvements, when demanded by the safety and convenience of commerce with foreign nations, or among the several States, are objects of National concern, and that it is the duty of Congress, in the exercise of its Constitutional powers, to provide therefor." Weak enough, in all conscience. This is a Homeopathic dose of Whiggery. It will be about as likely to get out the snags and sawyers in Ohio River as a bell-top hat would be to cure ringing in the ears.

The fourteenth resolution, the most mischievous of all, recommends "the *free grant* to actual settlers of the public lands under certain limitation, is a wise measure of public policy." This is the vote-yourself-a-farm Resolution. It is called a wise measure. This is one step farther than party has ever gone. Poor Van Buren could and did actually swallow all the thirteen up to this point. But when this came he hesitated and choked, and finally said no! *you can't spare expense of surveying.*

The fifteenth resolution requires the public debt to be paid at the earliest possible period, and thinks we ought to raise revenue adequate for the purpose.

The sixteenth and last resolution is as follows: "Resolved, that we inscribe on our banner, Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, Free men, and under it we will fight on and fight ever, until a triumph shall reward our exertions."

On this, it is worthy of remark that only two men in the United States, holding high and responsible offices, have ever violated the sentiment of this Resolution. The first man who violated it was John Adams, when he signed the Sedition Law. The second, was Martin Van Buren, when he gave his casting vote in the Senate, permitting Southern Postmasters to examine the Mails and exclude whatever they deemed objectionable. This was a flagrant outrage upon the Freedom of Speech, which has never been atoned for, and about which Mr. Van Buren now considers it prudent to say nothing.

Democrats, Whigs, Abolitionists, compare this platform with that of Baltimore and *Philadelphia* (?) and choose which you will adopt.

A DEMOCRAT.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? Just as our paper was going to press we received the following, accompanied by a polite request from an esteemed friend, that it should be inserted in today's paper. Can't we come in for a share of that notice?"

☞ We heard it remarked, a short time since, that they must have good bread in a neighboring town, for the explosion of two yeast-bottles was distinctly heard on the night of a certain Ball. It appears that the remark was well founded, for we are told that a fine batch has lately been kneaded, and is supposed to be nearly in a fit state for fermentation for the baking. It is hinted Balm-of-Gilead leaves have something to do with the peculiar activity, and also, perhaps, with the saccharine powers of the yeast.—We speak for "a slice" of "the loaf."☜

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The September number of this [illegible] has been received, and we find it [illegible], if it does not surpass, the former numbers. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the cheapest publication of the day, taking into consideration the amount and quality of matter afforded at the low price of one dollar. It is in character very unlike most of the more costly magazines, and better calculated to instruct, as well as entertain, all classes of readers. We say all classes, for all, if they but think so, can readily find opportunity during the year to save the trifling sum asked for—a mere reading matter of sterling merit. The publisher to sustain his magazine, must have a very extensive list. We cordially commend it to such as do not feel too poor pay one dollar for a volume of over 700 pages, well and abundantly illustrated. Charles W. Holden, publisher, 100 Nassau Street, New York.

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE.—The prospects of this school continue to brighten. There were between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy students in attendance yesterday, and the cry is "still they come." We are happy to learn "there is yet room."

HONOR. A suit of armor, which cannot be too carefully guarded, for a breath may leave a stain beyond the power of man to remove.

BRIGHTON MARKET,

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7.

At market during the week, 500 Beef Cattle, 800 Stores, 4700 Sheep and Lambs, and 1250 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—There has been a small advance in consequence of the limited number in market. We quote extra at $6 00—first quality $5 50 to $6 25—second do. $5 25 to $5 75—third do. $4 50 to $5 00.

Stores—Yearlings $3 to $8 per head—2 years old Heifers $12 to [illegible]—3 years old do. $18 to 25—three years old Steers, $35 to $60 per pair.

Sheep and Lambs—Old Sheep $1 25 to 2 75—a few extra $3 to [illegible]—Lambs at $1, 1 25, 1 75, 2 00.

Swine—At wholesale 4 to 5 cents—Pigs 5 to 5 1-2 cents—old fat Hogs 4 to 4 1-2 cents.

DEATHS.

At North Paris, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Ruth H. Russ, wife of Horatio G. Russ, Esq., aged 31 years.

During the last six years and over, the life of this lady has been one of great and constant suffering—such as falls to the lot of but few to experience. The Post Mortem appearances were such in her case, as to show that the Mesenterie Glands were the chief seat of disease, and the ultimate cause of death. This disease is somewhat rare; but when it once fastens itself upon a patient, its grasp is seldom if ever relinquished till the final struggle is over, and life is extinct. In this disease, however emaciated the patients may become—whatever other diseases and concomitants may arise—whatever distresses of body or mind—and however great the prostration of strength, they may live on, from week to week, from year to year, praying for health and seeking rest; but finding themselves as each week rolls on, farther and farther from the object of their search. Disappointment *only* awaits them. But then there must come a time when these physical sufferings must end—when the vital powers must cease and the emaciated body yield to its accumulated burden of disease. Such has been the struggle of Mrs. Russ. Such her warfare. Mental courage, fortitude, hope, cheerfulness, and constant patience under such circumstances, are virtues too exalted, too difficult of attainment to expect; yet amid all this conflict—long continued and constant as it has been, she has exhibited them all—and especially patience and resignation seldom witnessed in the philosopher or the Christian. One fifth of her life was spent in pain and gradual decay, yet without a murmur against the dispensations of Providence. Her exit was one of peace. She has left an example worthy of imitation. Her memory will be dear to friends, who, though they may recur to it with feelings of melancholy, must derive from it not only fortitude and patience but consolation and hope. Comm.

REMARKABLE CURE OF A YOUNG LADY IN HOPELESS CONSUMPTION.

[Extract of a letter from Mrs. Sarah J. Baxter, 37, Pearl Street, Boston.]

TO DR. D. F. BRADLEE: Dear Sir,—The Hungarian Balsam has proved a miracle indeed, in the case of my youngest daughter, who has been positively cured of seated Consumption, by the use of only three bottles of this inestimable Medicine. She has been in a decline for nearly three years, and we considered her beyond all hope when the Balsam was taken. We had consulted numerous distinguished Physicians, and tried all the famous prescriptions for consumption,—a Southern journey, the new system of Inhalation, &c.,—without any apparent benefit, and had almost consigned her, with a breaking heart, to the grave. But the Hungarian Balsam, under Providence, has saved her life, and I cannot refuse to give you my evidence of this astonishing fact, for the benefit of those who may be similarly afflicted. In my estimation, there cannot be a more painful spectacle, than that of an intelligent and beloved child, sinking day by day under this dreadful malady, with no hope of relief, and dropping into the grave at last, at the very dawn of life, while even the loveliness of the unfortunate victim renders her condition more terrible to all beholders.

SARAH J. BAXTER.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. K. HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

Sept. 15, 1848. 4w15—opt DFBB

CHILD BIRTH.

A VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC WORK upon the subject of Gestation and Child-Birth, by R. M. Wyeschell, M. D., late of Paris, just published by the author.

This work contains information upon subjects of the highest importance to married persons, or those contemplating marriage. It will be found of special value to those who means, health, or other circumstances do not permit them to increase the number of their family, without great inconvenience, suffering, or perhaps risk of life. A method of avoiding these troubles and dangers at will, (recently discovered by a celebrated French physician) is fully communicated in this work, so that any person may avail himself of it at once. The means cost comparatively nothing, and are within the reach of all. The process is new, safe, infallible, convenient, simple, and cannot injure the health of the most delicate. Nor does it curtail matrimonial privileges in the least.

Copies of this work will be sent, in a close envelope, at a single letter postage, to any part of the United States for $1 sent, post paid, to Dr. R. M. WYESCHELL, Box 2710, New York City. Copyright secured. No Bookseller allowed to sell this work.

Sept. 12, 1848. 8m19

WM. B. CUSHMAN,

MAIN STREET, NORWAY VILLAGE

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Is receiving from the city from time to time

New Goods,

of superior quality, which he will sell as CHEAP as can be purchased in Portland or Boston, as he buys all his goods

EXCEEDINGLY LOW,

and

SELLS THEM,

with a very little advance,

AT COST.

He has just received an assortment of GOLD and SILVER LEVER, LEPINE, and common

WATCHES;

BRASS AND WOODEN CLOCKS;

SPECTACLES, KNIVES, SCISSORS, BEADS, COMBS,

And a great variety of other goods, too numerous to mention. For particulars

☞ CALL AND EXAMINE. ☜

and you cannot fail to find something to suit your taste.

REPAIRING.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry cleansed and repaired, and warranted.

May 27, 1848. tf 1

S. SHURTLEFF,

BOOT-MAKER,

PARIS HILL,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture Custom-made boots of every description at his Shop, over the Book-Store of Paris Hill, at short notice, and at reasonable prices for Cash or Produce.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

☞ All work warranted.

Aug. 29, 1848. 4w17

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,

FOR OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ Residence, MECHANIC FALLS, Cumberland Co.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.—Feb. 14, 1845. tf 41

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Alfred, within and for the County of York, (being the most ancient next adjoining County to the County of Oxford,) on the first Monday of September, D. A. 1848, by the Hon. William C. Allen, Judge of said Court,

JOB PRINCE, Guardian of JAMES P. WATERMAN, a minor and child of JAMES WATERMAN, late of Portland in the county of Cumberland, deceased, who, since he took upon him that trust, has been appointed Judge of the Court of Probate for the said County of Oxford, having presented his third account of Guardianship of his said wards for allowance by this Court:

Ordered, that said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat a public newspaper printed in Paris in said County of Oxford, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Alfred in said county of York, on the first Monday of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: WM. HAMMOND, Register.

A true Copy,
19 Attest: WM. HAMMOND, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Alfred, within and for the County of York, (being the most ancient next adjoining county to the county of Oxford,) on the first Monday of September, A.D. 1848, by the Hon. William C. Allen, Judge of said Court,

JOB PRINCE, Guardian of JAMES M., CHARLES, ERASTUS, and JACKSON CLARK, minors and children of CYRUS CLARK late of Turner, deceased, who, since he took upon himself that trust, has been appointed Judge of the Court of Probate for said county of Oxford, having presented his third accounts of Guardianship of his said wards for allowance by this Court:

Ordered, that said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the the Oxford Democrat a public newspaper printed in Paris in said county of Oxford, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Alfred in said county of York, on the first Monday of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: WM. HAMMOND, Register.

A true Copy,
19 Attest: WM. HAMMOND, Register.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of

JONATHAN HOLMAN,

late of Dixfield in said county, deceased, whose Estate has been represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months commencing on the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1848, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us at the house in said Dixfield where the deceased lived at the time of his decease, on the first Mondays of October and November next, from two to five o'clock P. M. on each day, instead of the time before published.

JOSHUA R. RANDALL, Jr.,
JOHN J. HOLMAN.

Dixfield, Sept. 7, 1848. 19

Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a license from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public or private sale on the premises in Bethel, on Saturday, the 14th day of October next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest which

NATHANIEL ETHRIDGE,

late of Bethel, in said county, had at the time of his death, in and to the following real estate (including the reversion of the Widow's dower) viz:—About forty-three acres of land situated in said Bethel, with the buildings thereon, being the late residence and home of the said Nathaniel Ethridge, for the payment of the just debts, charges of administration and incidental charges.

MARY ETHRIDGE, Administratrix.

Bethel, Sept. 4, 1848. 18

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN & al., Executors of the last Will and Testament of ELIPHAZ CHAPMAN, late of Bethel in said county, deceased, having presented their third account of their administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, that the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Bethel in said county, on the eighteenth day of Sept. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

17 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight

S. F. BROWN, Guardian of minor heirs of JONATHAN PACKARD, late of Buckfield in said county, deceased, having presented his third account of his Guardianship of the estate of said minor,

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Turner in said county, on the twenty-first day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true copy—Attest: GEO. K SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

WILLIAM RUSS, Guardian of minor heirs of SIMEON BYERSON, late of Paris in said county deceased, having presented his second account of his Guardianship of the estate of said minors,

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

17 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true copy—Attest: GEO. K SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

OBED ABBOTT, Guardian of MARGARET A. LEWIS & als., minor heirs of MICAH UPTON, late of Albany in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his Guardianship of the estate of said minors,

It was Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

17 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last Will and Testament of

ISAAC WASHBURN, late of Oxford,

in said County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

JANE WASHBURN.

Oxford, Aug. 22, 1848. 17

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ISAAC S. DALY, Administrator of the Estate of WILLIAM CHURCHILL, late of Livermore in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore in said county on the twentieth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

17 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

JOHN B. MERROW, Administrator of the estate of OLIVER B. CANWELL, late of Paris in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said county, on the nineteenth day of September next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

17 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ON the Petition of TABITHA DUNHAM, Widow of LEMUEL DUNHAM, late of Hartford in said county, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal property of her late husband,

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore in said county, on the twentieth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Hon. JOB PRINCE, Judge of Probate, &c., within and for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public Auction or private sale, if not previously disposed of, on Saturday, the fourteenth day of October next, at ten o'clock A. M., on the premises, all the Real Estate whereof

WILLIAM M. WALKER,

late of East Bradford in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, died seized and possessed of in the aforesaid county of Oxford.

Said Real Estate consists of the North part of Lot numbered Seven in Fourth Range of Lots in Albany in said county, containing sixty acres more or less, with House and Barn thereon.

Terms—Cash.

JOHN HUNT, Administrator.

Albany, Aug. 22, 1848. ✠17

Freedom Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, for a valuable consideration, relinquish to my son, WILLIAM EMERY BICKNELL, his time till he arrives at majority,—free to act and trade for himself, and hold all his earnings; and that I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

WILLIAM BICKNELL.

Witness—N. B. BICKNELL.

Hartford, August 20, 1848. 18

Notice.

WHEREAS my wife, SARAH JANE, has left my bed and board without any justifiable cause, and refuses to live with me, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

LEVI ABBOTT.

Franklin Plantation, Aug. 28, 1848. ✠18

Wanted Immediately,

AS an APPRENTICE to the Printing Business, a boy from 15 to 18 years of age. One possessing a good Common School education, active and intelligent, will receive good encouragement. Enquire at this Office.——Aug. 29.

The best Mechanical Paper

IN THE WORLD.

NEW VOLUME OF THE

Scientific American.

THE Publishers of the Scientific American respectfully give notice that the FOURTH YEARLY VOLUME of their Journal will be commenced on Saturday, Sept. 23d. This publication differs entirely from the many magazines and papers which flood the country. It is a Weekly Journal of Art, Science and Mechanics, having for its object the advancement of the INTERESTS OF MECHANICS, MANUFACTURERS and INVENTORS. Each number is illustrated with from five to ten engravings, original, of NEW MECHANICAL INVENTIONS, nearly all of the best inventions which are patented at Washington being illustrated in the Scientific American. It also contains a Weekly List of American Patents; notices of the progress of all Mechanical and Scientific Improvements; practical directions on the construction, management and use of all kinds of MACHINERY, TOOLS, &c.; Essays upon Mechanics, Chemistry and Architecture; accounts of Foreign Inventions; advice to Inventors; Rail Road Intelligence, together with a vast amount of other interesting, valuable and useful information. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the most popular journal of the kind ever published, and of more importance to the interest of MECHANICS and INVENTORS than any thing they could possibly obtain! It is printed with clear type on beautiful paper, and being adapted to binding, the subscriber is possessed, at the end of the year, of a large volume of *Four Hundred and Sixteen Pages*, illustrated with upwards FIVE HUNDRED Mechanical Engravings, with an Index.

TERMS:—Two dollars a year, in advance, or if desired, one dollar in advance, the remainder in six months. To Clubs:—5 copies, $8; 10 copies, $15. Those who wish to subscribe have only to enclose the amount in a letter, directed to

MUNN & CO.,

Publishers of the Scientific American,

New York.

☞ All letters must be Post Paid. 4w17

Food for the Silk Worm.

MORUS MULTICAULIS, or the Mulberry Tree, for sale—either the tree or slips.—Now is the time to propagate this valuable tree. The kind here recommended resists cold and frosty winters as well as the maple tree. Slips $25 per hundred. Orders promptly attended to. Apply at this Office.——April 18, 1848. 6m

New Spring Goods!!

A. C. DENISON

IS now receiving his SPRING STOCK OF GOODS, all of which will be sold at extremely low prices.

Norway April 26, 1848. 62

E. W. CLARK,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

☞ All precepts and communications, by Mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

April 15, 1848. tf 59

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

REUNION.

Of seven who launched together
On life's uncertain main,
With hearts for any weather,
We three are met again;
In the same old spot united,
Where we lived and loved of old,
Ere a touch of grief had blighted,
Or a wave of sorrow rolled.

But where are they the others,
Who started with us here;
Our gentle-hearted brothers,
Why do they not appear?
Two still are bravely reaping
In the harvest-field of life;
And two are calmly sleeping—
They've done with toil and strife.

There flows a golden river,
Whose waves most sweetly chime,
As they gaily dance and quiver
Down the silent vale of time;
And from their labor parting,
They're floating on its swell;
Yet their words proclaim at starting,
They still are doing well.

A sigh for the departed,
Whose son of life is set,
A hand to the true-hearted
Who linger with us yet;
We'll on in God's name ever,
The rough path boldly tread;
There's a beacon, darkened never,
And a high prize overhead.

TWO JERSEY GIRLS,

WHO DIDN'D SEE THE ELEPHANT.

One of the Jersey boats brought to the city of New York, on the 4th, two young, fresh, and hearty girls, who had long before agreed to celebrate the Fourth of July together, in seeing the wonders and amusements of that city. They had made a trifle of money, in picking strawberries at one penny a basket; were fast friends and not half as green as the fields they were accustomed to roam in, albeit they were veritable country girls, and had never read the latest work on etiquette. You may be sure they were in fine spirits, when, after swallowing a cup of tolerable coffee, in Washington Market, they walked up Fulton street to the American Museum, paid their two shillings each, and "helped themselves" liberally to a sight of the numberless curiosities which that popular establishment contains.

When according to their own estimation, they had got their money's worth, they went out, intending to make their way to the battery, to see the military pageant. But they had scarcely left the Museum steps before a well-dressed young man, quite accidentally stumbled against them, and quite as naturally apologized for the unpremediated offence.

'There's no harm done,' said Susan, 'is there Jane? We are country girls, and don't mind trifles. Besides, you city people always walk with your eyes at the tops of the houses. For my part, I don't see how you get along so well.'

'Then you are from the country, young ladies?' said the strange young gentleman, with a bow and a smile.

'Yes, we are,' answered Susan; 'ain't we, Jane? We are from the Jarseys, just back of Shrewsbury. Were you ever at Shrewsbury, sir,—down at the Beach, I mean? It's a famous place along the shore, and people who are born there have their eye-teeth ready cut, and their eyebrows buttoned back when they are away from home. Catch them napping! Why they were all what you call land pirates once, and didn't think any more of tolling a ship ashore, than a city sharper would think of cheating a country green-horn.'

'I am not from the Jerseys,' the young man replied, 'but I am a stranger in town, like yourselves, and if you have no objection, I should be pleased to accompany you round for a few hours.'

'I'm agreeable,' said Susan, 'if Jane is. We are going to the battery to see the sogers.'

Jane said that she was not the girl to break up pleasant company, and off the trio started—the two girls quietly exchanging glances as Susan whispered to Jane—

'He's one on 'em as we've read of in the papers, and now for some fun, Jenny, dear.'

Very pleasantly, arm-in-arm, the party worked their way through the crowd, and had got as far down as Trinity Church, when, with a sudden start, and a loud exclamation, Susan declared that she had lost the purse which contained the money of both herself and Jane. Jane looked sorrowful, while the young man looked not a little embarrassed.

'I don't care,' said Susan after regaining her composure; 'it was not much—a few cents over five dollars; and I have a fifty dollar bill pinned in my sleeve, which I was to pay away for father. But I'll get that changed, and let father pay the next time he comes up.' Saying which, she presented a fifty dollar note, and asked the young gentleman where she could get it changed?'

'All the brokers are closed to-day,' he said, 'and I have not more than fifteen dollars in city money by me. If the balance in Southern money would answer—'

'Is it good?' asked Susan.

'Oh, perfectly good,' was the reply, 'although you must get it exchanged at the brokers.'

'Father'll do that—give me fifteen dollars in city money—that's more than I want to-day—and the rest in Southern, as you call it.'

The exchange was made, the Jersey girl pocketing fifteen dollars in good money, and thirty-five in worthless bills, and the three resumed their walk to the Battery.

The sharper was very polite and attentive, and Susan and Jane as cordial as though they had known him from childhood. But we have not time to follow this interesting party in their sight seeing on the Fourth.

They went down to one of the eating-houses, near Fulton Market, to dine, about two o'clock, and then the girls began to talk of moving for the boat, which left at four. Their companion insisted that they should stay and see the fire-works in the evening, and said he had an aunt who kept a fashionable boarding-house, where they could stay all night, and return home the next morning. Jane protested that they must go back that night, but Susan, with a sly wink, said they could as well stay over, but they must go down to the boat, and send word by the captain, to their father, who would be waiting for them at the landing. Jane, with much seeming reluctance assented, and away the three started for the boat. There they were obliged to wait because Susan could not find the Captain, and it would not do to send the message by anybody else. Three o'clock came; then half past three, then a quarter to four—still Susan could not see the Captain. They were standing by the gang-way when the last bell rang. It tolled, the ropes were being cast off, when Susan with a wink at Jane, said, that on the whole, she believed she would go home, and the two girls stepped on board the boat just as they were pulling in the plank.

'Much obliged for your politeness,' said Susan, with a merry laugh, and speaking to the sparker-gallant who stood on the pier—'remember me to your *aunt*.'

'And me, too,' said Jane, laughing also,—'and if you ever come down our way, tell us how you enjoyed the fire-works. I'm sure you won't forget us.'

When the boat was under weigh the girls broke out into a real Jersey laugh.

'You didn't lose your purse?' asked Jane.

'Here it is,' said Susan, 'to speak for itself, and some of the rogue's money in it, too. Only think, that *fifty dollar counterfeit bill*, marked counterfeit in big letters on the back of it, that father got when he was a grand juryman, and indicted the counterfeiters—to pass that off for fifteen dollars good money, (I know it's good) and have a handsome beau in the bargain!'

'But suppose,' said Jane earnestly, 'that we should be mistaken and he not the sharper we suspect?'

'Not a sharper? Why did he want us to go to his *aunt's*?'

'But the chap made a mistake—he's not had much acquaintance with Jersey girls, but he'll know 'em again when he sees 'em.' And Susan put up her money in a way which expressed the satisfaction she felt at the result of her Fourth of July adventure in New York.—[N. Y. Despatch.

ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS.

The laws of Pennsylvania are said to be rather defective, as regards the administering of estates: at all events it is generally understood that not a few rich old gentlemen in nearly every county in the State were poor before they became administrators. One of those who has amassed quite a snug property, not long since, at a select party of his "upperten" friends, asked a hopeful nephew of his what profession he intended to study.

"Don't 'zactly know," was the reply, "but I guess I'll learn to be an Administrator, seeing as how you've got rich at it!"

ROOT AND BRANCH. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to give an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations, many of whom were expected legatees in case of her demise. At one of these family gathering, she exclaimed, in allusion to her numerous progeny and descendants, 'What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the same root!' 'Alas!' sighed Jack Spencer to a first cousin near him, 'the branches would flourish better if the root was under ground.'

☞ Mr. Curran cross-examined a tailor.—"Upon your oath, sir, where did this conversation happen?"

"In the back parlor of my shop—my cutting-room."

"And what were you then about yourself?"

"Walking about."

"Aye, just taking a stroll in your cabbage-garden."

☞ Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick.

RAISING THE WIND. John C. Shepherd of New York, has invented a bellows for household purposes, that goes with a crank, and turns out the wind like a small tornado.

FEMALE M. Ds. A writer in the Model Courier is out against female M. Ds. He says he shouldn't like to have his wife called out in the night to visit another man.

☞ Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

☞ Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim. It is better if one's foot make a slip than one's tongue.

☞ Scan every person's virtues and errors with a view of deriving profit from both—by imitating the one and avoiding the other.

☞ The human family can learn from the stork the finest trait in a good character. The young never cease to find food for the aged parent.

☞ Adversity overcome, is the highest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue.—Sufferings are but the trials of gallant spirits.

VASTNESS OF THE MEDITRANEAN. The Mediranean, the panorama of the sea and shore of which is exciting so much interest here, is between two and three thousand miles in length, and about twelve hundred in width; the whole area being computid at nearly seven hundred thousand square miles. In Scripture it is termed "The Great Sea." Herodotus styles it "The Sea," and Strabo "the Sea within the columns." In all probability it witness the first attempts at navigation—being from the general smoothness of its waters, the proximity of its shores, and the multitude of its islands, extremely favorable to the infant navigation of the world—when, from their ignorance of the compass, men feared to loose a view of the coast, and from the imperfection in the art of ship building, to abandon themselves to the boisterous waves of the ocean. At all events it was navigated, and its islands occupied in the remotest antiquity. It was subsequently transversed in all directions, by the Phœnicians and their descendents, the Carthagenians, and in a late period, by the Greeks and Romans. In the middle ages and down to the discovery of America, it was the grand center of the navigation and commerce of the Old World, while from that day to the present, the ships of all nations have floated upon it, and many of its merchants engrossing from time to time, large portions of its trade have attained to princely fortunes and distinction. The ensign of Liberty is now waving upon that sea. The vast changes, the mighty revolutions that are at this moment sweeping along its borders, seem to indicate that the period is approaching for fulfilment of the prophecy, that in wonders and glory, the Mediterancan shall outstrip all its ancient splendor and greatness. Boston Paper.

REVENGE. "When I was a boy," says Dr. Southy, "there was a black boy in the neighborhood by the name of Jim Dick. Myself and a number of my play fellows were one evening collected together at our usual sports, and began tormenting the poor colored boy, by calling him "blackermoor," "nigger" and other degrading epithets. The poor fellow appeared to be excessively grieved at our conduct and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go skating in the neighborhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing a pair of Jim Dick. I went to him and asked him for them. "O yes, John you can have them and welcome," was the answer. When I went to return them I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and with tears in his eyes said to me, "John, don't never call me blackamoore again," and immediately left the room. These words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future."

WOMAN'S LOVE. A man who struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crises in its stage on which life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised, entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys. To her surprise he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room, and without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed. Saxonville Iris.

WINTER WOOING. 'The summer is no time to try the strength of affection,' said Mrs Partington; 'though it is pretty well to sing love songs beneath a window at midnight in a rain storm, or stand billing cooing on the door step till two o'clock in the mornings. The winter season is the time. Many's the time my poor Paul has rid five miles to see me, the coldest weather; and often the dear creter has been found in the morning, fast asleep in the middle of the cow-yard, with the saddle on his own shoulders, from fatigue of courting me, and riding a fast trotting horse. There was devotion. I never see a crow without thinking of poor Paul, and saying which the old lady hobbled to bed.

He who spreads abroad discontent where and when happiness exists, he who arrays one class of society against another, he who would represent man as the social enemy of man; he would set mankind a dreaming instead of a working, as is ordained to be his destiny, is a pest and a curse to society; the greater or more talent he has, and the more dangerous, the more he is enthusiastic and sincere.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall around his lot, of rather uncommon dimensions, namely, four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. To save repairs, my honey. Don't you see then, that if it should ever fall down it will be higher than it is now?

Lost! Lost! one child what was barefoot, midout no shoes on, bare head midout no hat on. Whoever find dat same child, shall bring him up on de top of the corporation line, and pay one dollar for expenses.

It has been decided that a black man in a dark cellar, with a dark lantern, looking for a third, black cat, constitutes a very dark transaction.

It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death on a man convicted of stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, "My good fellow you made a grasp at time; but egad you caught eternity."

'Can I show you any thing more to-day, sir?' asked a civil gentleman behind the counter of a worthy customer.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?'

Scolding is the pepper of matrimonial life, the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

Woolen Cloths!!

THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING CO. take pleasure in informing their customers that they have on hand an unusually large stock of

WOOLEN CLOTHS,

which they have intended should be unsurpassed in durability, or style, by any of their previous manufacture, and which they will exchange for WOOL on the most favorable conditions.

All Cloths sold WARRANTED SERVICEABLE, as these known to be defective will not be offered.

☞ Cloths sold to the TRADE at prices to correspond with the TIMES, and WOOL taken in payment if desired.

WM. DEERING, AGENT.

South Paris, June, 1848. tf 5

ISAIAH KNIGHT,

DEALER IN

Stoves, and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of STOVES, FUNNEL, and WARES, of the most perfect manufacture, and WARRANTED, constantly kept on hand, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased *elsewhere*.

☞ Any pattern of Stove not on hand when called for will be obtained by first team, if desired.

April 11, 1848. tf 49

Fashionable Millinery.

MRS. E. W. GOODNOW,

RESPECTFULLY informs her old customers and the public generally, that she has just received a good assortment of fashionable

STRAW, SILK, MOURNING, & FANCY

BONNETS.

—ALSO—

CAPS, RIBBONS, LACES, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c. &c.

☞ Orders from a distance, as usual, punctually attended to.

Norway Village, June 1, 1848. tf 6

PRESSEY & BARROWS,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Furniture, Chairs, &c.,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

INVALUABLE

FAMILY COMPANION.

SIX Lectures on Causes, Prevention and Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Heart, and all Female Diseases. 234 pages, 28 engravings. Paper 50 cts; bound 75 cts. Mail to any part—postage 75 cts.

Shoulder Braces and Chest Expanders, $2. Mail to any part, 25 cts. postage. Inhaling Tubes, Silver, $8, by mail, letter postage. Abdominal Supporters, perfect, $8 to $10 for all Ruptures, Falling of the Bowels and Womb, and Weak Back and Chest; sent by Express everywhere. For Braces or Supporters, or Rupture Supporters, give height from head to foot, and circumference of person next to the surface, just above the hips. If Rupture, mention which side.

Agents wanted for the sale of the above goods.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH,

707 Broadway, New York, post paid.

Feb. 28, 1848. 1y47

Broadcloths.

GERMAN, ENGLISH, and AMERICAN Broadcloths, Mulleens, Cassimeres, Fancy Tweeds and Satinetts, for sale by

A. C. DENISON.

Norway, May 1, 1848. 52

SCHOOL BOOKS.

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Arithmetics, Histories, and all other books commonly used in Schools, for sale by

B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. 3tf

BLANK.

A Prime Assortment of Blanks, printed on good paper, kept constantly for sale at the Bookstore of

B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846. tf

SPECTACLES

A Good Assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber. Call and see.

B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. 1y40

2 CASES SUPERIOR FRENCH MOLE SKIN HATS, for sale cheap, by

A. C. DENISON.

Norway, May 1, 1848.

Sheetings and Shirtings.

5000 YDS. Sheetings and Shirtings, for sale by

A. C. DENISON.

Norway, May 1, 1848. 52

Window Sashes.

500 LIGHTS of Double Lap 9 by 12 and 9 by 13 Glove-fast Sash, extra quality, painted and unglazed, for sale by

HUMPHREY & STEARNES.

North Paris, April 8, 1848. tf 49

Pine Lumber.

3000 FEET Pine Lumber, suitable for doors and Window Sash, for sale by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Dec. 20, 1847. 3m

PINE AND SPRUCE

CLAPBOARDS!

PINE, SPRUCE, AND CEDAR

SHINGLES!

OF all qualities are now being received, by the subscriber, Agent for manufacturers, who is authorized to sell the same on the most reasonable terms; and he invites those in want to call and examine the same for themselves.

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, June 20, 1848. tf 8

Sheet Zinc & Lead

FOR sale at the Old Stand of

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, Oct. 12, 1847. tf 38

Iron Foundry.

THE NEW IRON FOUNDRY and STOVE WORKS, at STEEP FALLS, is completed and in operation, ready to execute orders for any kind of custom or job work.

The proprietors are determined to make this establishment worthy the support of the public. They have spared no expense in the construction and arrangement of their works; and having secured the services of experienced and skillful workmen, and supplied them with the best of materials, will warrant their work and wares to be equal to anything of the kind made elsewhere.

They are now manufacturing STOVES, Caldren Kettles, Oven, Ash and Boiler Mouths; Cart and Wagon Boxes, Door Scrapers, Grind Stone Cranks, with friction rollers, &c., &c. But as the cold season is approaching, they will, for the present, devote their works principally to the manufacture of

STOVES.

and would call the attention of purchasers particularly to the extensive and excellent variety of patterns they have already on hand. Among them are Five sizes of 4 Boiler Premium Cooking Stoves, No's 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, with holes from 7 to 10 inches diameter.

Four sizes of 3 Boiler (or Ratsbone) Do., No.'s 2, 3, 4 and 5, with holes from 8 to 15 inches diameter.

Two sizes of Parlor Cooks or Elevated Oven Do.

Two sizes of Air Tight Parlor Stoves, Cast tops and bottoms.

Three sizes of Six Plates.

These are modern patterns—got up in good style, and sufficiently heavy to be durable.

In addition to the above, they have purchased a set of patters, and the exclusive right of manufacturing and selling in this region, of that newly invented and Patented Hot Air Stove, called the

Mechanicvale Air Tight,

which for beauty and simplicity of appearance, convenience in the arrangements, and economy of fuel—both for summer and winter, it must be conceded is the best Stove out!

They have also, nearly in a state of readiness for use, patterns for an Elegant Cast Iron Parlor Stove, which must eclipse anything else in the market.

These Stoves are being made from No. 1 Scotch Pig Iron, and will not be liable to crack or warp. But as certain plates of all Stoves fail before the rest, the fact that new plates can at any time be procured, and what would otherwise be a useless Stove, at a small expense made as good as new—is a consideration that must give the home manufactured article (other things being equal) a decided preference over those manufactured at a distance.

All kinds of Sheet Iron, Tin and Copper Ware furnished as above at the shortest notice; and the whole at prices that shall be satisfactory to purchasers.

BROWN & CO.

Steep Falls, Sept. 16, 1847. 2y

SMITH'S PATENT

Trojan Pioneer Stove,

MANUFACTURED BY

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.,

1 & 3 *Doors North of the Post Office, Augusta.*

ALTHOUGH completely adapted for burning Wood, yet with Coal, for all Cooking and Heating purposes, it far surpasses any other Cooking Apparatus that can be produced. It is surprising to see the large amount of cooking, of the various kinds, that can be done in the most perfect manner, with the small amount of fuel that it requires.

The oven to this Stove is extremely large, being of sufficient capacity to admit *six large sized pie plates*, or *six large loaves of bread*, or even the *largest joint of beef or ham* yet in use, at the same time. In addition to the advantages it has over other Cook Stoves, for boiling, baking, washing, frying, heating irons, &c., it is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have the

Best Arrangement for Broiling & Roasting

that has ever been in use; the steam, from cooking, being carried off entirely.

Both sides of this Stove can in one moment's time, be so disconnected as to make *Two Perfect Stoves*—which is of great value in the warm weather of the year. In cold weather, these may be connected.

When it is necessary for a fire in the front part of the Stove, it will operate the whole, and perform more kinds of cooking, with less fuel, than can be done in any other manner. Another improvement is a Sliding Damper on the top of the Stove, by which the heat is so completely governed that the fire can be kept over night, so as to make it a complete

Air-Tight Stove.

This Stove certainly has many advantages that no other Stove ever yet had. The Ovens are of the only ones in use which will bake well with hardwood, as most of the Stoves used are so constructed that the Ovens will not bake even with a coal fire. There is another great advantage in the superior form of this Stove, in that all the heat is thrown to the bottom of the oven, which causes the bread to rise and bake at the same time, thereby avoiding the bottom crust, so often complained of in other Stoves, in which the heat rises to the top of the oven, and bakes the top before it is ready to rise, and thereby prevents the bread from rising and baking well. This Stove will be found to be very economical in the use of fuel.

All the necessary Furniture for Cooking Stoves are kept for sale by the subscriber, and those who are purchasing Stoves would do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as the price will be found as low as the lowest, and the quality of the Stoves and Furniture will be found to be as represented. Those who have purchased Stoves of us, and have not been entirely satisfied, are requested to call and have the matter rectified.

☞ For a more particular description of the above Stoves see large Bills at the Hotels and Stores in this and adjoining towns. Also, see Bills in reference to the above Stoves could be had at the Hotels, if desired.

Persons wishing to purchase Stoves for the Fall trade, will please call soon at the Hotels in Norway Village, Paris Hill, Oxford Village, Buckfield Village, Hebron Academy, Canton Point, Livermore Falls, Jay Bridge, Wilton, Farmington, Strong, Phillips, Rangeley, Temple, Industry, New Sharon, Mercer, Anson, Madison, Skowhegan, Norridgewock, Fairfield, Waterville, Winslow, Vassalboro', Sidney, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Pittston, Richmond, Bowdoinham, Topsham, Brunswick, Harpswell, Freeport, Yarmouth, Cumberland, Falmouth, Portland, Gorham, Windham, Raymond, Casco, Otisfield, Poland, Minot, Hebron, Oxford, Sumner, Hartford, Canton, Peru, Dixfield, Weld, Carthage, Mexico, Rumford, Andover, Bethel, Newry, Gilead, Shelburne, Gorham, N. H., Berlin Falls, N. H., Milan, N. H., Lancaster, N. H., Stratford, N. H., Colebrook, N. H., Stewartstown, N. H., Errol, N. H., and at other principal Hotels throughout New England.

Please call at the Hotel in Norway Village, and leave your address, and you will be waited upon at your residence, at the lowest Store prices for Cash.

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Oct. 12, 1847. tf 37

CELEBRATED

CHOLERA MIXTURE,

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA

And Bowel Complaints generally.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

Pike & Osgood,

At 79 & 81 Blackstone Street, Boston, Mass

FOR all the purposes for which this remedy is designed, it stands before the Public pre-eminently without a rival. It is based on a thorough knowledge of the Physiological state of the system in which Bowel Complaints supervene, and is a skilful combination of remedial means, admirably adapted to the effectual and speedy restoration of the patient, whether the disease originate in an obstructed Perspiration, Worms, Excess or Repletion, or from a vitiated state of the stomach and bowels. Its influence extends to every part of the system, producing a healthful effect upon all the secretions and excretions, and restoring all the diseased organs of the body to their normal state.

☞ For CHOLERA INFANTUM, which sweeps so many children, annually, to an untimely grave, it has no equal; and no family ought to be without it.

Price 50 cents per bottle.

For sale by CHAS. L. FRANCIS at 4 ROBT NOYES, Norway Village.

Aug. 12, 1847. tf 35

NEWELL & NIEBUHR,

DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

AT WHOLESALE,

Corner of Middle and Free Streets

(Between Deering's & Greenough's New Blocks)

Portland.

Sept. 15, 1847. tf 30

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE

CONSUMPTION CURED!

BUCHAN'S

Hungarian Balsam

OF LIFE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION!

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Pectoral and Pulmonary diseases, still stands unrivalled and unsurpassed as the most elegant, agreeable, and effectual curative of these formidable complaints, now known to the civilized world.

Three years trial in the United States, during which time it has been distributed from Maine to Florida, has only served to establish its pre-eminent merit in all parts of the country, as the great and

ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY

in the worst cases of Pulmonary disease; and the best and most agreeable curative of all slight forms of colds, cough and inflammation, that can possibly be used.

SPITTING OF BLOOD!

This frightful symptom of approaching Consumption, is speedily checked and prevented by the use of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, which heals the affected membrane, removes the incipient tubercles, and restores those vital organs, the lungs, to a sound and healthy condition.

REMEMBER THIS:

Spitting of Blood always arises from a tendency to Pulmonary disease; and if not checked, at the outset, will sooner or later determine in death. A person who raises blood once, will raise blood again, unless a proper curative is immediately employed.

PAIN IN THE SIDE!

This distressing symptom of Consumption arises from inflammation of the Lungs, of the Membrane called the Pleura, or from Bronchial affection of the air-passages. In either case it is a very dangerous indication of disease. It prevents full and free breathing, and wears away the natural strength of the system. The cause of this symptom should be removed at once; and nothing can possibly affect that object so speedily and happily as the Great English Remedy, discovered by Dr. Buchan, which is entirely vegetable in its ingredients, and perfectly harmless in its qualities.

BE WISE TO-DAY!

Delay in any Consumptive tendency, is emphatically Death, under all ordinary treatment. The Hungarian Balsam is a great ANTIDOTE, as well as CURATIVE. If you have any symptoms above described, be advised in time.

Sold in large bottles at only one dollar per bottle.

By special appointment—David F. Bradlee & Son 130 Washington street, Boston, Mass., sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

AGENTS—J. K. HAMMOND, Paris; R. Noyes, Norway; Greer & Barbank, Bethel; S. Holt, Waterford; John Blake, Turner; C. P. Chase, Dixfield; Wm. Cousins, Pelard; H. Blake, Harrison; E. Mason, Portland. And sold by the dealers in Medicines generally throughout New England. 1y15

Nervous Consumption.

THIS disease is commonly called a Decline. It is marked by a gradual wasting of the body, shortness of breath, with much difficulty of breathing, cough or fever, but usually attended with loss of appetite, and depression and debility of system. It is also marked by a great anxiety and uneasiness of mind, desertion of spirits, and fixed melancholy. The face is pale, sallow and emaciated; the heat of the body is diminished, and the wasting of the system is painfully evident.

In cases of Nervous Consumption the HUNGARIAN BALSAM is found to possess wonderful power. It warms and invigorates the whole system—imparts new life to the most emaciated and dejected of frames—if persevered in, surely fails to restore him to a comfortable state of buoyancy and physical enjoyment. It acts not only upon the Lungs, but upon the liver, the stomach, the bowels, the blood, and even the skin—being, in fact, a sedative, a tonic, an alterative, a stimulant, and a potent restorative.

Pamphlets containing this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. K. HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

June 17, 1848. 4w15—tf:DFBB

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, AND WILD CHERRY

PHYSICAL BITTERS,

AT FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry

CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING.

THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING CO. would respectfully give notice that they are fitting up a

CUSTOM CARDING MACHINE,

and will be prepared to receive Wool for Carding on Monday, the 5th of June next.

They have purchased new Cards, and are putting their Machines in the best of order. *Perfect satisfaction* will be WARRANTED to those who may favor them with a call. Particular attention will be paid to

CLOTH DRESSING.

From the superiority of their finishing apparatus, and the experience of their help, they feel assured that they will be enabled to finish Cloths in better style than can be done elsewhere.

Wool will be received in exchange for work.

Cloths received and returned to the following places, free of expense, viz:

Dennis Moore's, Lovell; H. C. Buswell, Fryeburg; A. Grover, Bethel Hill; Lovejoy & Lord, Albany; John Holt, Waterford; A. M. Nelson, Brighton; O. C. Bolster, Rumford; J. F. Howe, Sumner.

WM. DEERING, AGENT.

South Paris, May 29, 1848. tf 4

Groceries,

SUCH as Sugar, Coffee, Saleratus, Pepper Spice, Ginger, &c. &c., for sale cheap by

A. C. DENISON.

Norway, April 26, 1848.

PALM LEAF, and PALM LEAF HATS, for sale by

A. C. DENISON.

Norway April 26 1848.